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Golden Memories

Anna Yarnall



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GOLDEN MEMORIES

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By
ANNA YARNALL



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A message of kindest greeting
To you where'er you may be,
Whom in thought I call "my children,"
This little book bears from me.

Anna Yarnall

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NEAR TO
NATURE'S HEART

NATURE'S TEMPLE

Old Mother Nature once in reverent mood
Far from the homes and busy haunts of men
A wondrous temple reared. Majestic, grand,
Yet chaste, severe in its simplicity.
In silence and in solitude she wrought,
Her chisel wielded by the hand of Time.
He, summoning to his aid the trickling rill
That merrily danced thru the forest glade,
Slowly, but surely, the great work began.

Ages passed by, year swift succeeding year,
When, lo! at length the stately temple stood,
The streamlet, broadened, rippling at its base.
No pillared shaft the o'erarching roof upheld;
No storied windows shaded soft the light;
Upon the walls no artist, world renowned,
Had famous pictures painted.

Nature's touch alone
Had made the work complete.

THE ADIRONDACKS

Roll backward, Time! Yield from thy silent scroll,
Engraven with the secrets of the past,
The mysteries of the mountains and the vales,
The wonders of the lakes that here and there,
Mirrors of beauty, fill the soul with awe.

Ages long gone these towering cliffs upreared
Toward Heaven their crests; a fierce, terrific force
Rending asunder what had seemed most sure,
Shook earth and heaven, and then the mountains came,
Rugged and dark, majestic and sublime.
Methinks no restless human eye beheld
That fierce convulsion that at once transformed
The face of nature with its awful throes.
That thunder, deep resounding, peal on peal,
Unto no human ear gave forth its voice,
As echoing peak to peak returned the sound,
Deafening at first, then fainter, and more faint,
Till silence came, silence that could be felt,
And the Creator said that all was good.

Barren and rugged were those mountains then,
Huge rocky barriers, to vast heights upreared,
Whereon the elements oft fiercely strove,
Clothing the crags at times in glistening white.

Then centuries passed, and lo! there sprang to life
The germs of forest trees, that small at first,
Mighty became at last, until the birds
Nested among the branches, spreading wide;
And in their shelter, in the dens and caves,
The wild beasts made their lairs, and forth at night
In search of prey instinctively they stole,

And, courage gaining as the darkness fell,
Filled all the forest with resounding cries.

Among the rocks a tiny, tricking rill
Sought timidly a quiet spot to rest,
But meeting other rills, pursued its way
Onward and downward, gaining strength and size
Until grown fearless, conscious of its power,
From rock to rock it leaped, right merrily,
Turning aside at times to fill the vales,
Pausing perchance, one moment on its way,
But ever seeking a still mightier leap.

Along its banks grew lovely, wildwood gems,
Lifting their graceful heads, refreshed and sweet,
By the pure draught that kindly Nature gave.
The forest trees drank also from the stream,
And lovingly spread wide their giant arms,
Shielding it safely from the sun's bright rays.
With merry chirp to the soft, woodland shade
The songsters came, after each tiny sip
Raising their heads toward heaven in gratitude,
Then plunging in the cool, refreshing stream,
Sang glad thanksgivings as they onward flew.

The wild beasts too
Of its cool waters drank, day after day;
The gentle deer bent low its pretty head
Nor failed to see the picture mirrored there
Of grace and beauty in the forest glade.
The clumsy bear, the stealthy panther came,
The fierce wolf from the streamlet drank his fill.

Time still pursued his flight. Among the trees
A red-skinned hunter, in their forest haunts
The wild beasts sought, his keen eye piercing thru

The darkest shadows, arrow swift at hand;
A sharp twang of the bowstring, and the deer
Sank in its tracks, gave but one sorrowing look,
One shudder of the frame, and all was still.
A wigwam built the hunter by yon lake
Of poles and twigs, and covered it with bark.
Selecting with unerring skill a tree
Of proper size and strength, with ready hand
The birch canoe he fashioned, graceful, light,
And skimming o'er the water like a bird
In its swift flight toward the blue heaven above.
A free wild life the sturdy hunter led
Roaming untrammelled o'er this vast domain;
The forest depths both food and shelter gave,
And from the open book of Nature, he,
The wild, untutored savage, lessons learned
In needful lore of beast, and tree, and bird.

The mountains, streams and lakes still meet the eye,
The deer still roam the mighty forests thru,
The Indian names yet sweetly, softly cling
To lake and mountain, thru the flight of years.
Where is the red man, who those earlier days
Claimed for his own this noble hunting-ground?
But to the question yonder towering crag
Sends thundering back the echoing answer, "Where?"
The grand old pine trees, sighing in the breeze
In solemn whispers murmur, "Where, oh! where!"

Ascend yon white-faced mountain, hoary-crowned—
From base to crown enrobed in living green.
Inhale the clear, pure air; drink deepest draughts
Of the life-giving fluid, the vast dome
Of heaven above you, limitless and blue.

Watch the white, fleecy clouds, that daintily
Play o'er the azure deep, with light and shade
Their shadows playing on the mountain side.
Gaze o'er the wondrous scene before you spread,
A panorama grand of towering peaks
Piercing the clouds of heaven, in majesty
In the primeval wilderness enthroned.
And lo! reflecting in their lucid depths
With perfect truth, the soft, blue sky above,
The mountains, verdure-crowned, like purest gems
In limpid beauty, lie the crystal lakes.

Oh, awe-inspiring scene! Surpassing all
That fancy's flights have painted; grand, sublime,
Entrancing in its silent majesty.
Beside such grandeur, what is human power,
Or might, or splendor? But a fleeting show,
A mirage that one moment greets the eye
Then quickly vanishes, nor leaves a trace.

These everlasting hills in giant strength
Attest the wisdom and Almighty Power
Of the great Ruler of the Universe,
Who planned this beauty for His creature, man.

Unto these glorious everlasting hills,
Lift up your eyes, lift up your hearts for strength.

SUNSET AT KESWICK, ENGLAND

Written for S. S. K., 1901

Thru the golden gates of sunset
A flood of light was poured,
And we watched the colors changing
In harmonious accord.

White cloud-caps hid the summits
Of the mountains, dark and grim,
Whose rugged feet were resting
On Derwentwater's rim.

The vale lay green and smiling
Ere fell the evening shades,
But night was stealing softly
Upon the glens and glades.

And the sun sank slowly downward
Into the glowing west,
On a scene of wondrous beauty,
Of quiet peace and rest.

Afar the dark Helvellyn,
In purple outline showed,
While nearer giant Scafell
In the soft sunlight glowed.

Cloud masses gray enveloped
Bold Skiddaw's haughty head,
And o'er the lesser mountains
Their misty curtain spread.

When the sun's bright face was hidden
In a sea of molten gold
The glories of the heavens
'Gan softly to unfold.

The cloud-caps on the mountains
Took a fair, golden glow,
Mirrored in quiet beauty in
The placid lake below.

And a sweet, holy radiance
Lit up fair Nature's face;
It seemed the light of heaven
Had given to earth such grace.

The fleecy cloudlets floating
In the still upper air,
The golden tint reflected
And hung in glory there.

But, hush! the color deepens,
From gold to faintest rose,
Then a rich, roseate splendor
Mountains and vales disclose.

And now the purple shadows
Creep slowly, gently, down,
Softening the rugged outlines
Of mountains, bare and brown.

And the vale lies sweetly sleeping
In beauty green and fair,
While still the glorious radiance
Glows in the upper air.

Then fading, gently fading,
As onward steals the night,
The glory of the vision
Has vanished from our sight.

And now the stars in beauty
Peep brightly, one by one,
Gemming the dome of heaven
When the sun's light is gone.

The wondrous heavenly splendor
Into our spirits stole,
And filled with awe, and rapture,
And gratitude each soul.

If thus the sunset's glory
Gives to the earth such grace,
Oh, what will be the grandeur
When lighted by His face!

When mountain, lake and valley,
As a scroll have rolled away,
And o'er us falls the splendor
Of God's eternal day.

DREAMING

At Cape May

Alone the restless deep beside,
The mighty ocean, vast and wide,
I watch the ever-rolling tide.

Far as the roving eye can reach,
The waves upon the pebbly beach
Are playing leap-frog, each with each.

They seem unto the dazzled sight
To glisten as a diamond bright,
With countless points of glowing light,

And then, with a low, murmuring roar,
Break in white foam upon the shore,
With beauty all unseen before.

And as thus dreamily I lie,
The waters seem to mount on high
Until the ocean meets the sky.

While far off from these banks of sedge,
Upon the horizon's farthest edge,
A form is entering like a wedge.

A vessel borne upon the tide
From lands beyond the ocean wide,
Sailing along in stately pride.

O vessel proud, these waves that play
So peacefully this calm Spring day,
Are mighty giants held at bay.

When tempests burst with fearful power,
And mountain billows high uptower,
What can withstand that awful hour?

Ah! then the waves with thunderous roar,
With force resistless onward pour,
And break in grandeur on the shore.

O restless sea! Years speed away.
New nations rise, their powers decay;
Time's changes thou alone canst stay.

I gaze upon each snowy crest,
And, lo! there steals into my breast
A sense of comfort, peace and rest.

A soothing calm creeps over me,
I breathe the pure air dreamily,
Fragrant with odors of the sea.

THE MOON

The moon shone out above the trees,
'Twas but a dainty silver bark.
It thrilled my heart with joy and love
As its soft rays dispelled the dark.

AN AUTUMN RIDE

Afar the gloom of the city,
By the shining river road,
We sped toward the beautiful country,
When autumnal splendor glowed.

Before us up hill and thru valley,
Like a scroll the way unrolled,
Past orchards whose wide-spreading branches
Bore fruitage, crimson and gold.

Oh, the earth aglow was with beauty
That wonderful afternoon,
The blue sky, crisp air, and bright sunshine,
With the season seemed in tune.

And sickness and pain were forgotten,
Forgot were sorrow and care,
As we drank in the wine of Autumn,
The pure, ozone-laden air.

Dame Nature had bidden her children
Don their gayest gowns that day,
And the various tints and colors
Made a marvelous display.

The sumacs by roadside and meadow
Their scarlet banners outflung;
Choice clusters of pale purple asters
Nestled the sumacs among.

Great oak trees wore gorgeous raiment
Of richest crimson and brown;
While each maple shone resplendent
In a shimmering golden gown.

Soft brown leaves on low, graceful beeches
Gave tone to a brilliant scene;
While the tender wheat blades upspringing,
Added a contrast in green.

Tall bushes that hedged in the roadway
Wore each a becoming shade;
Ablaze were the thickets and woodlands
On hillside, in glen and glade.

But, lo! when we came to the river,
Broad yet with peaceful flow,
Our joy-cups were full to o'erflowing,
For its bosom was aglow

With the beautiful shades and colors
That Nature in lavish way
Had placed by its burnished mirror,
Which lost not a single spray.

We loitered along in the shadow,
On the river sunlight shone;
And the day and night seemed mingling,
Blending gently into one.

Then turning at last with reluctance,
By a winding, woodland way
O'er a delicate fairy fretwork
We lingered that lovely day.

And the shades of evening stole softly
As the sun sank in the west,
Outspreading o'er earth a broad mantle
Of quiet, of peace, and rest.

Now the moon in the eastern horizon
In regal splendor arose;
Her soft light diffused o'er the landscape
An air of serene repose.

Meadow, hillside, woodland and cornfield
Succumbed to that magic spell,
Touched into exquisite beauty where
Her chastened radiance fell.

Then homeward we sped in the moonlight,
Athrill with her mystic charm,
Which softened, and clothed in silvery sheen
Each lonely hillside and farm.

And our hearts with gladness o'erbrimming,
Our faith and courage renewed,
With truth we could join Nature's anthem
Proclaiming that God is good.

ROBIN HILL

After a Sleet Storm, 1896

An enchanted spot
 I behold thee still
In thy snowy mantle,
 O Robin Hill!
A beautiful robe
 of shimmering white,
That dazzles the eye
 in the sunbeams bright;
For Nature has spread
 her jewels around,
With a lavish hand
 o'er the frozen ground.

As the sparkling gems
 of Golconda's mine,
Those jewels flash
 in the chill sunshine;
More dainty by far
 are Nature's pure gems
Than glow in the fairest
 of diadems;
Bright clusters of pearls
 are hung on the trees,
And first-water diamonds
 glance in the breeze.

'Tis surely enchantment.
What magical wand
Such crystal splendor and
beauty has planned?
What deftest of fingers
throughout the cold night
This picture has fashioned
to dazzle the sight?
We must almost admit,
in spite of ourselves,
'Tis the magical work
of fairies and elves.

Or think you this dazzling
beauty has grown
Where the soft light of
Aladdin's lamp shone?
If we once rub our eyes
will it flee fast away
Before the clear light of
the oncoming day?
No, Nature has called
Jack Frost to her aid,
To guard her rich treasures,
widely displayed.

Jack Frost is an artist.
No sound do you hear
Of his elfin footsteps
to tell he is near.
For silent and swift as
the passage of thought

In darkness and daylight
his wonders are wrought.
His work you may see
but the workman is sly,
Nor may you detect him
although you stand by.

Not pausing a moment
he'll nip at your nose,
Or twitch at your fingers
as gaily he goes;
But his pearls he keeps stringing—
the busy old elf—
And you long for a glimpse
of the artist himself.
But you'll mind not his teasing;
enraptured will stand,
And dream that the earth
has become fairyland.

Enjoy the fair picture,
not long will it last,
Tomorrow this beauty may
be of the past;
And Nature to you other
scenes may unfold,
That will make you forget
Jack Frost and the cold.
But the fairyland vision
will cling to me still,
That greeted my coming
to fair Robin Hill.

THE PROSTRATE FOREST GIANT

In the depths of the forest, the whispering forest,
In long ago ages I first saw the light;
From out the brown mold peering timidly upward,
My eyes opened wide on a wonderful sight.

High over my head the mountains were towering,
And barren and grim was each huge rocky crest;
Around me were giants with wide-spreading branches,
And sweet woodland flow'rets, and these I loved best.

There were trickling rills from which I drank deeply,
As I nodded my head when the soft breezes blew;
In the days and the nights swift succeeding each other,
More sturdy and merry, less timid I grew.

Till, at length, tall and stately, my head proudly lifted,
I gazed, unobstructed, up to the blue sky.
Days sped into years, the years lengthened to ages,
And I scarce marked the time that went hurrying by.

Each Springtime I spread out in glory and splendor
My millions of leaves on the sweet balmy air,
And thru the long days of the swift-speeding summer
My life was not marred by a shadow of care.

But, alas! in the Autumn my precious green leaflets
Were nipped by the wind that went hurrying by,
And sadly I saw them turn pale and then leave me;
Oh, naught could I do thru the Winter but sigh.

Those days had their trials but also their pleasures,
And now, looking back, I see naught of the pain,
But fondly I peer in the far-fading distance,
And long for the old life of freedom again.

One morning the clouds had enveloped the mountains,
No more their huge peaks stood out boldly in view,
Save where for one moment, the thunder loud rolling,
The lightning had riven the cloud-mass in two.

Oh, grand was the sight, for the clouds, and the
mountains,
Grew dark in their anger, and fierce for the fray;
And loud roared the wind as still urging them onward;
The elements raging like giants at play.

With the force of a monster long lying imprisoned,
And wild in his glee that his thralldom is past,
The mighty Storm Spirit sent down to the valley
With the roar of a torrent, a terrible blast.

Oh, naught could withstand the gale that o'erwhelmed us,
The great forest giants, that ages had known,
Waving proudly their branches in sunshine and shadow,
Before the fierce stroke of the tempest fell prone.

Here have we been lying, methinks it were ages,
The seasons still come, and the seasons still go;
In Springtime and Summer, life blossoms around us,
In Winter we often lie buried in snow.

Yet fierce are the storms that envelop the mountains,
But little we heed in our soft, lowly bed;
Around us and o'er us the mosses are growing,
And trees are now waving their branches o'erhead.

These trees are but saplings, not yet tall and stately,
And strength from our weakness they gain day by
day;

But ere they attain to our lofty aspirations,
Our forms will have yielded to death and decay.

Yes, our forms will decay, but around us and o'er us,
Other forms will spring up as we sink to our rest;
In them we shall live in grandeur and beauty,
And in their young lives our lost lives will be blest.

A SUMMER SCHOOL

Tall trees thru whose branches o'erarching
Filters a fretwork of gold;
Dark vistas, their cool depths alluring,
To forest treasures untold.

Afar stretch the "hills everlasting,"
Enrobed in emerald green,
With cloud shadows playing above them,
An ever-changing scene.

There's a constant murmur of water,
Charming the tired nerves to rest;
A blissful, care-free abandon,
Leaning on Nature's breast;

A merry chirp in the forest,
Of the busy, happy birds,
Their small hearts with joy overflowing,
That is quite too deep for words;

A steady climb up the mountain,
And a panorama grand
As each higher step is surmounted
Unfolding on every hand;

A sense of exhilaration,
Of victory bravely won,
And a deep breath of satisfaction
When the journey at last is done.

For the mountains are his who beholds
them

With reverent, awestruck gaze;
And whose heart to their mighty Creator
Is attuned to a hymn of praise.

Here in the broad lap of Nature,
Her beauties on every hand,
Where the tall, dark mountains around us
Like sentinels boldly stand;

Where stream, and mountain, and forest,
Know naught but Nature's rule,
What spot could be better selected
For an ideal Summer school?

A STUDY IN GREEN

Entranced, from my study window,
I gaze on a beautiful scene,
Dame Nature invites an inspection
Of her color study in green.

The delicate tint of the maples
Has the daintiest hint of gold,
And a rosy tint have the oak leaves
That are scarcely three days old.

The sombre hue of the pine trees
Is with waxen tapers alight,
While the apple trees in the orchard
Have trimmings of pink and white.

There's the silvery green of the birches,
And in contrast, peeping thru
The leafy screen that surrounds me
A bit of the sky's own blue.

Now that her Spring cleaning is over,
The earth a new carpet has spread,
'Tis cool and refreshing in color,
Soft and velvet-like to the tread.

Of emerald green is this carpet,
Embroidered with figures of gold,
Afar over meadows and hillsides
Its beauteous length is unrolled.

Well skilled in art is Earth Mother,
Then is everywhere harmony seen,
And the color that soothes and refreshes
In the lovely Springtime is green.

BY THE SEA

At Pacific Grove, California

By the sea, the sea,
There I love to be,
By the restless, ever-surging sea.
The waves on the shore,
With a rush and roar,
Pace forward and backward evermore.

Delighted I gaze
When the sun's bright rays
Pierce thru and scatter the misty haze,
And each wavelet's crest
Sinks slowly to rest,
Bearing a star on its heaving breast.

In a glass-bottomed boat
Oft gently I float,
And in wonder gaze into depths remote.
From those depths profound
There comes not a sound,
But bright-hued fishes dart swift around.

Like great forest-trees
Tossed about by the breeze,
The giant kelp floats deep in the seas.
See that beautiful thing
Without fin or wing,
Close to the rock-bed of ocean cling.

At my feet in a pool,
With depths clear and cool,
The lively sea-urchins are going to school.
They cling to the rocks,
And fear not the shocks
Of old Father Ocean when fiercely he
knocks.

There the wild loons fly
'Gainst the sunlit sky;
On steady wings they go hurrying by;
Or softly they rest
On the ocean's breast,
Safe and secure as on downy nest.

As idly I rest
Near Pacific's broad breast,
My thoughts fly afar to the East from the
West.

For in thought I can climb
In a moment of time
O'er ocean, and river, and mountain sub-
lime.

He who watches the tide
Of the great ocean wide,
Has promised His children forever to guide,
And it matters not where
We are, here or there,
The Father above has us all in His care.

Thus to me speaks the sea,
Ever restless and free,
As I gaze o'er its waters trustfully.

LAKE ST. MARY

O beautiful Lake St. Mary,
In the sunshine dimples and smiles,
While the mountains frown above her
In huge, majestic piles.

When storm-clouds about them gather
She tumbles and tosses in glee,
Her waves wearing snowy whitecaps,
A charming sight to see.

But when evening shades fall softly
As the sun sinks down to his rest,
Then beautiful Lake St. Mary
Is surely at her best.

For in her blue depths are pictured
Mountains, forests and clouds above;
And she bears a precious message,
A message of peace and love.

THE WOODLAND PATH

'Tis but a simple woodland path—
Green boughs bend gracefully above it—
Passing across a cool ravine,
Which lies the shaded banks between,
And Nature's darlings truly love it.

White elder blooms shine overhead,
There bumble-bees their toll are taking;
Insects in tiny clusters come,
The air resounds with vibrant hum,
And butterflies their thirst are slaking.

But, best of all, in lowly guise,
Amid the dainty ferns and grasses,
In a cool, bright, sequestered spot
There blooms the blue forget-me-not
In cheerful, cheering, clustered masses.

Dear, dainty flowers! Bloom brightly still,
Around you loving mem'ries hover;
For others may the message ring,
You in your innocence now bring
To me—a humble nature lover.

SPRING

Spring, smiling Spring, throughout our favored land
With buoyant footsteps once again appears,
And promise of new life; a veiling soft
Of living green will cover soon the earth.
The bare, bleak boughs that thru the winter's cold
Have spread toward heaven their naked, shivering
arms,

Feel once again the thrill of coming Spring.
Beneath the rough, harsh bark, the coursing tide
Of life-blood carries joy to every twig,
And makes it tingle to its very tip.
The dark, chill mold where deep the ice and snow
For months have lain, now feels the season's stir,
For plants, long dormant, struggle to be free
To drink the air and sunshine. Dainty gems
That earliest greet the eye in sheltered spots,
Are eager to unfold their petals fair,
And clothe the earth with beauty.
At the feet of forest giants, modestly
The violet soon will ope its timid eye,
And cheer the wayworn traveler.
The frail anemone will, to and fro,
Wave with each passing breeze; that woodland flower,
Claytonia, the beauty of the Spring,
With winning smile will tempt with dainty freshness.
Where sheltered hillsides by the southwind kissed
Show laurel bushes, green in winter's snow,
Beneath the withered leaves, sweetest of flowers,
Arbutus, soon will lift its pink-tipped blooms,
And fill the air with fragrance.

From the far sunny South, where Summer reigns
Throughout the rolling year, the songsters come
To build, and brood, and sing, day after day,
And thrill our human hearts with love and joy.
The bluebird near the homes and haunts of men
Will gather twigs, and build his cozy nest.
The robin, bold, proud of his crimson vest,
His note of cheerful gratitude will raise
The while he and his mate with busy wings
Are flitting here and there, making a home.
The oriole, too, on happy, glancing wings
With breast of flame, is darting to and fro,
Bearing of twigs and fibres goodly store,
To build on high his graceful hanging nest,
Whistling the while a note of purest joy.
All Nature welcomes the return of Spring.

AUTUMN

Lovely is the earth in Springtime,
When the trees their leaves unfold,
And the flowers peep out most shyly
From their shelter, dark and cold.

When the birds, returning homeward,
Flit about on happy wing,
And while building in the treetops
Cheerily and gaily sing.

When the brooks from icy trammels
Wander onward, fresh and free,
Sparkling, murmuring in their journey
To the ever-grasping sea.

And the earth, grown tired of sleeping,
Glad the time of rest is o'er,
Sendeth forth the richest emerald,
Clothes the barren hills once more.

Lovely is the earth in summer,
With its quiet, restful calm,
When the soft and cooling zephyr
Gently sootheth with its balm.

When the leaves and all the grass-blades
Don a deeper shade of green,
And where Spring brought buds and blossoms,
Now the growing fruit is seen.

And the birds, their nests all builded,
Cease to sing their merry song,
Guard with jealous care the nestlings,
Working for them all day long.

Yes, in Spring the earth is lovely;
Fair in Summer's golden prime;
But the best, most gracious season
Is the glorious Autumn time.

Then earth yields her choicest treasures,
And the garner's show a store
Of the richest, golden fruitage
When the harvest time is o'er.

In each hollow tree lie hidden
Stores of nuts for winter fare,
Showing how our Father taketh
Every creature 'neath His care.

In our hearts a glad thanksgiving
Should arise to God above,
That so graciously He watcheth
Over us with wisest love.

Life is like the changing seasons,
Childhood is its budding spring;
Youth is summer, full of promise;
Manhood autumn fruit doth bring.

If the seed sown in the Springtime
Was of kindly, gracious deeds,
Tended carefully and watered,
Autumn's fruit will not be weeds.

And though Winter speedeth onward,
Feeble is the step and slow,
And a sheen of silvery whiteness
Crowns the head that boweth low;

He who faithfully hath striven
All life thru to do his best,
Will not fear the latest summons
That shall gather him to rest.

AUTUMN LEAVES

The leaves upon the trees one day
Seemed whispering together;
Chatting, perchance, about the bright
And sunny Autumn weather.

Each leaf was whispering gleefully
And gaily to his brother,
'Twas hard to tell which 'twas that spoke,
One looked so like another.

But thru the day they never stopped
Their whispering and swinging,
And here and there one from the trees
Its way to earth was winging.

The maple to the chestnut tree,
The oak unto its neighbor,
Stood idly nodding in the breeze,
Without a thought of labor.

And yet methought each one that spoke,
Held up its head quite proudly,
Seeking its charms to best display,
And rustling often loudly.

"Just see my lovely glossy suit,"
The oak seemed to be saying,
And 'mong the leaves the acorns all
At hide-and-seek were playing.

The chestnut rustled all the time,
But spoke no word out plainly,
Its store of green and prickly burrs
It strove to hide quite vainly.

A willow drooping by the brook
Seemed very sad and lonely,
As leaf by leaf came floating down,
And it had leaflets only.

The walnut stood with scarce a leaf
Its green-hulled nuts to cover,
An air of dreary loneliness
About it seemed to hover.

And every moment I could hear
The pine-tree's doleful sighing,
It seemed with grief to be o'erwhelmed,
Its needles down were flying.

The fir spoke not a single word,
But stood off from the others;
It quite ignored on every side
The whispering of its brothers.

The day of sunshine passed away,
The chill of night descended,
The moon came out in beauty bright,
A train of stars attended.

Jack Frost rejoiced to feel the cold,
It made him gay and merry,
He stepped among the flowers and trees
As lightly as a fairy.

The leaves all shivered when he came,
And touched them with his fingers,
Where'er his chilling breath is felt,
A shade of sadness lingers.

Night after night passed thus and then
When forth the sun came peeping,
He saw the leaves had fluttered down
While every one was sleeping.

WINTER

(Written for a charitable organization of little girls)

Though Winter stern with icy hand
Now reigns secure o'er all the land,
And while the chilling north winds blow
Spreads wide the mantle of the snow,
He cannot with his piercing dart
Make chill the warm and loving heart.

When in the air the snow-flakes swarm,
A token of the coming storm,
The traveler with his head bowed low,
To keep from eyes and ears the snow,
Goes hurrying homeward ere the night
Shall hide all landmarks from the sight.

The merry child with gleeful shout
Enjoys the whitening scene without,
And when the morning's early ray
Shall usher in another day,
He'll welcome give the wintry storm,
For sledding has a ceaseless charm.

And 'neath the drifts so pure and white,
All safely hidden from the sight,
In beds of earth kept snug and warm,
So that Jack Frost can do no harm,
The plants and seeds all resting lie,
And waiting till the Spring draws nigh.

But all alike do not rejoice,
And welcome Winter with one voice.
To some he sorrow brings, and pain,
Throughout his chilly, icy reign,
For those who know but want and care
Are all about us everywhere.

The poor our tender thought should claim,
And in that blessed Savior's name
Who came to save from want and sin,
Each one may strive to follow Him.
Trying though in a humble way
To give some pleasure every day.

For though but little each may show,
From little deeds do mighty grow.
The oak that rears its lofty head
Was once an acorn in its bed.
Small charities do not deride,
Of drops is made the ocean wide.

THE RHYME OF THE BLIZZARD

A merry little snowflake
Came slowly fluttering down;
He floated hither, thither,
While he surveyed the town.
"It is a mighty city,"
He said, "and no mistake,
And I am but a tiny,
A very tiny flake."

He sagely shook his little head
As here and there he flew;
"To me this is a curious sight,
And very strange and new.
It doesn't seem so very clean,"
At length he wisely said,
"I cannot find a single spot
Fit for my snowy head."

And then he fluttered onward
Upon the blustering wind,
Until he'd left the city,
Its noise and dust behind;
And far out in the country,
Upon a mossy bank,
Weary and worn with traveling
This little snowflake sank.

But other little snowflakes
Came fluttering from the sky;
"We can do wondrous things," they said,
" 'Tis true, if we but try."
And without more ado at once
They settled on the town;
Men laughed to see the tiny things
So boldly flying down.

They said, "Who cares for snowflakes?
We'll soon drive them away."
But, no; those airy messengers
Had come, and meant to stay.
They came by tens, and thousands,
They came, a mighty swarm,
And ere the night had settled,
They took the town by storm.

And when the City Fathers,
In righteous wrath arose,
And girded on their armor
To battle with their foes,
Those saucy little snowflakes
Took liberties, they say,
Such as no one had dreamed of
Before that wintry day.

They fluttered in their faces
In overflow of glee;
They danced and whirled about them
In wildest ecstasy.
They tangled in deep snowdrifts
Their unsuspecting feet;
They blocked the way of traffic
On each and every street.

And so each City Father
Went slowly to his home;
(There heat and light were plenty,
And hunger did not come),
And without sound of battle
They yielded up the fight.
Our city slept till morning,
In silence, deep and white.

Then those brave little snowflakes,
Their foemen laid to rest,
Put softly off their armor
By wandering doubt oppressed.
They telegraphed to Cloudland,
"Oh, take us back again!"
But, lo! there came for answer
A mighty storm of rain.

And those poor little snowflakes,
O'erwhelmed with doubts and fears,
With grief and disappointment,
Dissolved away in tears.

THE LEAFLET

Only a budding leaflet,
Hidden away in a seed,
Giving no promise of beauty
In flower or even in weed.
But though the leaflet is tiny,
Hidden the seed-coats within,
Its little heart is aspiring,
And "he who worketh will win."

Only a pale green leaflet,
Spreading itself in the sun,
Drinking in air and brightness,
Its lifework fairly begun.
To stand against chilling breezes,
It needs must be very brave,
But then should it "nothing venture,"
It surely will "nothing have."

Only a single leaflet,
Plucked from the topmost spray
Of the promise-laden branches
That cluster above the way.
But it is one of many
That waved most gracefully,
And drank in strength and beauty
For the tall and sturdy tree.

Only a withered leaflet,
Drooping and weary and brown,
That rustled among the branches,
Then slowly it fluttered down.
Sad that its day's work is ended,
Sorrowing most that the bough,
Late clothed in the richest greenness,
Seems barren and lifeless now.

Only a tired, brown leaflet,
Lying there, sad and chilled,
Knowing not in its sorrow
Its lifework has been fulfilled.
Dreaming not that it shelters
The seeds that are hidden below,
And that all mighty oak trees
Must from little acorns grow.

JUNE

June, entrancing,
Comes a-glancing,
Sunbeams glinting
 'Mong green leaves,
Form rare fretwork,
Fairy network,
Such choice tap'stry
 Nature weaves.

Dark, cool shadows
Fringe green meadows,
Sheltering closely
 Tempting nooks.
Bright rays twinkling,
Catch the crinkling
Of the hurried
 Babbling brooks.

Birds soft twittering,
Dewdrops glittering,
Leaves a-rustling
 All in tune.
Nature, smiling,
Sweet, beguiling,
Whispers softly,
 "June, 'tis June!"

AVALON

Catalina

The summer sunbeams gently smile
Upon fair Catalina's isle,
 Gild day by day, and on and on,
The lovely bay of Avalon.

Not with a brilliant, garish light,
That dazzles oft the weary sight,
 They softly, sweetly, gently fall
Upon that rugged mountain wall,

And with the sea and crystal air
Combine to make a picture fair,
 Fair as a gem of priceless worth,
Whose beauty scarcely seems of earth;

While the blue sky bends lovingly
To meet afar the deep blue sea,
 Whose sparkling waves roll gently on
In the calm bay of Avalon.

They bring into the anxious breast
A soothing sense of peace and rest,
 Till far off all life's trials seem
And every day a blissful dream.

MARBLEHEAD

A breeze from the mighty ocean,
A dash of salty spray,
For far o'er the waste of waters
The giant waves are at play;

A wonderful game of leap-frog,
A rush and rumble and roar,
And a never-ceasing dashing
'Gainst the rocks upon the shore—

Is this, dear friends, a faint picture
Of the scene before you spread
As you gaze on the grand old ocean
From the heights of Marblehead?

Bring a breath from the salt sea with you,
And a glimpse of its snowy foam,
To refresh those left behind you
In your distant, inland home.

TO THE ANNA W.

A vision of life and beauty,
Afloat on the restless tide;
A white-winged bird of ocean
With easy, graceful glide!

Tossing on rolling billows,
Heeding not blinding spray,
Free as a bird of the mountain
She boundeth away and away.

All hail to the Anna W.,
With her beautiful snowy sail!
Long may she bound o'er the waters,
Fearing no rising gale.

Long may she bring to the weary,
With trials and burdens oppressed,
Who steal away from life's turmoil
The blessings of hope and rest.

For afloat on the restless billows
The burdens of life slip away,
Fresh hope is gained for the future,
Fresh strength is gained for the day.

BON VOYAGE

Blow softly, ye winds of the ocean!
Roll gently, ye billows, roll!
Speed swiftly and safely, good vessel,
Speed swiftly away to thy goal!

A precious treasure thou bearest,
Good ship, o'er the restless sea;
Then speed like a bird of the mountain,
Speed onward, untrammeled and free.

O'er thy path the dome of heaven
Doth ever keep watch and ward;
While the moon and stars at night-time
As vigilant sentinels guard.

May He who these wonders created,
Who guides us safely on land,
And Who holds the boundless ocean
In the grasp of His mighty hand,

Be with those thou art bearing eastward
In far distant lands to roam,
Be with them, and guard and keep them,
And bear them at last safely home.

WHERE
FLOWERS BLOOM
AND
BIRDS SING

MEADOW FLOWERS

Down in the green meadow the children are playing.

Thru all the long, sunshiny hours;
Around and about them all over the meadow
Bloom brightly the gay Springtime flowers.

Have the children discovered the end of the rainbow?

Here buttercups brim o'er with gold.
You never would miss them although they should
gather
All the flowers such small hands can hold.

And down 'mong the grasses red clover is blooming,

With honey-bags full for the bees;
With its delicate perfume the warm air is scented,
Borne gently about by the breeze.

Then daisies so many you never can count them

No matter how hard you may try,
Whose flower-leaves are glossy and white as the snow-
drift,
Glance upward with bright golden eye.

As a dream I can hear the children's sweet voices,

Though they're hid 'mong the grasses tall.
Just what they are doing, they never have hinted,
Busy, busy is each,—and all.

Now they've chosen a maiden, a rosy-cheeked maiden,

Golden-haired, lovely, and sweet;
They crown her with daisies, wind daisy-chains round
her,
And hail her as "Queen Marguerite."

THE HAREBELLS

I rested on a hillside lone
 Drinking deep daughts of cool, pure air;
The lake in burnished beauty shone,
 Mountain and cloud lay mirrored there.
On every side kind Nature smiled,
And with her charms my heart beguiled.

Long mountain slopes in graceful lines
 Curved to the margin of the lake;
Green forest boughs and trailing vines
 Reached down to meet sweet fern and brake.
My soul o'erfull, my every sense
Tingled and thrilled with joy intense.

Peace fell upon me like a dew,
 Touching my eyes with gentle wand;
A nearer glimpse of heaven's own blue
 Seemed closing in on every hand;
When, lo! my eyes oped wide to see
Blue harebells smile, and nod to me.

They curtsied on the green hillside,
 Their winning smiles were everywhere,
Charming the sight, and spreading wide
 A scene enchanting, passing fair.
I looked and looked. Into my soul
A sense of peace and comfort stole.

Miracles of quaint, airy grace,

Smiled coyly all the winsome things.
Love shone in every beaming face;

My spirit soared as if on wings
Into that realm where Love and Light
Prevail, and faith is lost in sight.

And now when seeking quiet rest

'Mid petty cares in life's turmoil,
My self reclines on Nature's breast,

Forgotten are the bonds of toil.
The harebells nod. Past sense and time
My spirit hears a low, sweet chime.

BIRD SONGS

I went to the country,
 'Twas early in Spring,
Because I was hungry
 To hear the birds sing.
I woke in the morning
 While yet it was dark;
Not one bird was singing,
 Not even a lark.
 Not a word
 Sang a bird.

Then I heard a faint whisper
 That gave me a thrill,
A soft little note with
 A musical trill,
As though a shy songster,
 While yet half asleep,
Had seen morning's first ray
 Into his world peep.
 Just a note
 From bird throat.

And to this faint whisper,
 Another wee bird
Gave a sweet little answer,
 As plainly I heard;
And others joined with them,
 Until before long,
I could hear all about me
 Sweet snatches of song.
 Many a bird
 Then I heard.

“Cheer up,” called bold Robin,
So loud and so clear,
Not a bird of them all
Could choose but to hear;
While the lark sang and
Mounted away, away,
To welcome the dawn of
The oncoming day.
Sweet and long
Rose his song.

Now the birds' morning concert
Was on in full swing;
With music the woodlands
And dells were a-ring;
And my heart with joy thrilled,
The air all around,
The sweet air of morning,
Was vibrant with sound.
Each with zest
Did his best.

Enraptured I listened
While all the birds sang;
'Twas a pæan of praise
That in my ears rang;
No harsh sound was heard,
No single false note
Marred the music that rose
From each swelling throat.
From all throats
Came pure notes.

One shy little songster,
With joy brimming over,
Sang a clear, rippling song,
The song of a lover;
'Twas the dainty song-sparrow,
Whose notes I love best,
Warbling sweetly while seeking
A spot for his nest.
Sweet his song
Tinkled long.

EVENTIDE IN VEERY COVE

The evening shades fall softly
As sinks the golden sun,
And a calm, holy radiance
Proclaims that night steals on.

The ruffling breeze has fallen,
The surface of the lake
Shows not a tiny ripple
Against the shores to break.

And now as fast approaches
The mystic hour I love,
I dip my paddles softly
And hasten to the cove.

There all the birds are singing
Their evening roundelay,
In unison recounting
The blessings of the day.

The air about is throbbing
With tender, liquid notes,
From hidden forest passes
The sweetest music floats;

For while the shadows lengthen,
The forest ways grow dim,
The hermit-thrush is softly
Chanting his vesper hymn.

And far and near the veery
Trills clear his evening song,
While lakeside rocks and bushes
The harmony prolong.

A wondrous, peaceful quiet
Gently envelops me,
Life's cares are all forgotten,
I listen dreamily.

For 'tis the hour for worship,
When heart to heart draws near,
When Nature's God is speaking
To all who choose to hear.

To Him the sweet bird-minstrels,
Day's busy labors o'er,
Their hearts with rapture thrilling
Their ecstasy outpour.

But when above the treetops
Bright stars begin to peep,
The happy, feathered songsters
Have sung themselves to sleep.

Night's shadows deepen 'round me,
My spirit is a-thrill,
When far away, then nearer,
I hear the whip-poor-will.

With rapid, breathless accents
He stirs the quiet air,
"Whip-poor-will," whistling, calling,
With constant, earnest care.

Once more I take the paddles
And homeward turn my face,
Reluctant still to break the spell
Of this sweet, sheltered place.

Above, below, around me
New beauties now awake,
For moon and stars are pictured
Clear in the placid lake.

A loving, gracious Presence
Seems brooding everywhere,
All earthly creatures keeping
Under His watchful care.

And with heart overflowing
My eyes with tears grow dim,
And once again in thought I hear
And join the vesper hymn.

THE ORIOLE

With glancing wings
And breast of flame
To the old elm tree
An oriole came.

And he whistled and sang
From his perch up high,
"Oh, the tree is mine,
And the air and sky."

Then he and his mate,
Of weavers the best,
Far out on the twig
Built a hanging nest.

And he whistled and sang
With a heart full of glee,
"Oh, the whole world belongs
To my mate and me."

THE ROSE'S MESSAGE

A dainty rose, a wilding rose,
Was blooming by the way;
It smiled to me, and nodded,
As if to say, "Good day!"
That smile and nod went with me
Throughout that busy day.

Where'er I went, in passing
I met a smiling face,
"What can have made," I idly thought,
"Earth such a happy place?"
And then I saw a sweet, wild rose
Clothed with unconscious grace.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS

We've brought you a message, good friends, today,
A word of cheer,
And this is our message,—We've come to say,
Springtime is here!

We were cosily sleeping in warm winter beds,
When a soft tap, tap,
Of trickling raindrops over our heads,
Disturbed our nap.

A bluebird was singing—we heard his voice
Say, sweet and clear,
"The Winter is over! Rejoice! Rejoice!
Springtime is here!"

Busily working with might and main,
Ere long we found
We were able to lift our heads again
Above the ground.

'Tis joy to breathe the soft, sweet air;
And up on high
To see the great, round, golden sun,
And the blue sky.

So this is the message we've brought today,
Our word of cheer;
Cold Winter has fled away, away.
Springtime is here!
Yes, Springtime is here!

TRAILING ARBUTUS

By a sunny hillside path
Where the south wind blew,
Lay a bed of bright green leaves
Such as summer knew.

And a fragrance, dainty, sweet,
Seemed to fill the air,
Calling to us pleasant thoughts,
Spreading everywhere.

Then we made a search for flowers
And were well repaid,
For we found Arbutus sweet
In the leaflet's shade.

Gathered we the lovely blooms
White with rosy glow.
Sweetest they of all the flowers
That in Springtime blow.

VIOLETS

Violets! Violets! Oh, are you here?
Then it is Spring.
The sun's shining warm, the sky's blue and clear,
And the birds sing.

Spring couldn't come without you, sweet flowers,
As I well knew;
So I've been hunting and hunting for hours,
Looking for you.

Snuggle up close to the rock's friendly shade
When the winds blow;
Close your eyes tight and don't be afraid,
If it should snow.

For from yon tree-top in loud, happy tones.
Robin sings clear,
"Winter is over, and snow-time is gone,
Spring—Spring is here!"

THE SWEET BRIER ROSE

A dainty pink rose
With a heart of gold
In a dark, tangled corner
Began to unfold.

A sad one was charmed
With its beauty and grace,
And the delicate fragrance
Pervading the place.

Sweet peace came with watching
The brave little flower,
And hope and fresh courage
Revived in that hour.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

O blue were the mountains before us,
And the air was crystal clear,
One cool, early morning in Springtime.
Bonniest time of the year!

And, O, the golden poppies!
The orange and golden poppies!
Bright California poppies
Were scattered far and near.

Swiftly we rode toward the mountains
In the morning's bright sunshine,
Our hearts all attuned to their grandeur,
And gladdened by Nature's wine.
And, O, the golden poppies!
The wonderful, golden poppies!
Gay California poppies
Glowed in the clear sunshine.

All about us the wind was blowing,
As we climbed the rugged way
That guided us over the mountains,
Where Nature's great forces play.
But O, the golden poppies!
The beautiful golden poppies!
Glad California poppies
Bloomed all along the way.

Then sped we beyond the mountains,
Thru forests of mighty oak,
Where babbled and sparkled the streamlets
That among the rocks awoke.
And O, the golden poppies!
The gorgeous, golden poppies!
Bright California poppies
A glad "good morning" spoke.

There were countless numbers of them,
Making the hillsides aflame,
As they waved in the breeze swift blowing,
Like a fire that speeding came.
And O, the golden poppies!
The orange and golden poppies!
Gay California poppies
Waved like a rushing flame.

O the mountains were grand, majestic,
Of cerulean blue the sky;
Of crystalline clearness the waters,
Fast rushing and tumbling by.
But O, the golden poppies!
The beautiful, golden poppies!
Glad California poppies
On memory's walls hang high!

LOVING THOUGHT AND
EARNEST FEELING

TO MY FRIENDS

Each day this prayer to Heaven ascends,
Lord, make me worthy of my friends.
The old, the young, the true, the tried,
Who tread life's pathway by my side.
My heart o'erflows. I humbly pray
God bless them every one today.

To you who my life enter in
By closer ties, dear ties of kin,
My love flows with a fuller tide,
As thus we journey, side by side.
May heavenly blessings on you shower,
Moment by moment, hour by hour.

TO S. G. Y.

On Her 90th Birthday

There hangs on the walls of memory
A portrait, passing fair,
And a light that seemeth from heaven
Rests on the brow and hair.

'Tis a gracious, queenly woman,
Her lovely face aglow
With the light of a happy spirit,
In the days of long ago.

How my child-heart thrilled with rapture
In the sunshine of that smile,
And to higher, holier ideals
My thoughts were led the while.

Beside her, arm-encircled,
Uplifted by her great love,
Behold I my sainted mother,
Now safe in Heaven above.

The hand of time has not darkened
The smile on that love-lit face,
Nor robbed the charm of thy greeting
Of sweet, unconscious grace.

A halo of silvery whiteness
Encircles thy placid brow,
The promise of early womanhood
Bears fuller fruitage now.

But though thy years have numbered
A full four-score and ten,
Life ever for thee holds sweetness;
Thou art young in heart as then.

Dear friend of my early childhood,
Dear friend of maturer years,
Thy friendship's a priceless treasure,
A gift that blesses and cheers.

Uplifted, supported and strengthened
By the strong arm of Infinite Love,
May thy pathway grow fairer and brighter,
For it leads to a mansion above.

And there, amid glad hallelujahs,
May we meet near the heavenly throne,
To receive from the lips of the Master
That sweetest of welcomes, "Well done!"

THE GOLDEN LINING

Sunset's golden beams were gilding
 Budding treetops with their light,
And above the clouds were gleaming
 In a flood of crimson bright.

Darkly lowered the clouds of heaven,
 Gloomy, dreary to the view,
Till the sun, his course pursuing,
 From a rift came peeping thru.

Earth all dark, and dull, and dreary,
 Drooping on that stormy day,
Shone anew with gorgeous splendor,
 And the shadows fled away.

Hearts o'erburdened, weighed with sorrow,
 Feeling that the day was theirs,
Like themselves, all sad and cheerless,
 Caught the sunshine unawares.

For the dancing sunbeams, sparkling,
 Over field, and hill, and tree,
Seemed as near the light of heaven
 As an earthly thing could be;

And the brightness pierced the shadows,
 Casting them on either side,
While adown the path thus opened
 Gushed a sunbeam bright and wide,

And upturned the golden lining,
Hidden in that darksome night,
'Till all dreary thoughts and feelings
Fled before the heavenly light.

For is not the Father ever
Watching, waiting for a rift
Where He may with loving fingers
Send a golden beam adrift?

When is learned the needful lesson,
Faith and love are closely proved,
He is ready with a sunbeam,
For He chastened whom He loved.

THE HOUR GLASS

It is only a tiny hour glass
That a childish hand may hold,
And a streamlet trickling thru it
Of shining desert gold.
And 'tis grain by grain, from glass to glass,
That the tiny sand-drops hourly pass.

It is only a tiny hour glass,
But each shining golden grain
Marks a moment of joy and pleasure,
A moment of sorrow and pain.
To sad hearts the hours pass slowly by,
At joy's light touch they quickly fly.

Each swiftly fleeting moment
Wields a tremendous power;
The destinies of a nation
May be changed in a single hour.
Use then the hours in the cause of Right,
And darkness must yield to a flood of light.

LET US HAVE PEACE

"Thou shalt not kill," rang out in tones of thunder
From Sinai's peak,
And all were bowed with trembling fear and wonder
Who heard God speak.

Still that command is ringing down the ages
In accents clear;
Shall we who read and love the Bible's pages,
Choose not to hear?

When Christ, the Son of God, to earth descended
For man's release,
With holy anthems angel choirs attended
Proclaiming, "Peace."

And He, the Prince of Peace, was meek and lowly,
No thought of strife
Marred the blessed picture of that pure and holy,
That blameless life.

Let earnest cries arise to God the Father,
For strength and power
Rightly to penetrate the clouds that gather
This trying hour.

Not by the roll of drums, the bugle's calling,
The clash of arms,
The cannon's roar, the battle din appalling,
War's dread alarms.

But in a patient, watchful, prayerful spirit,
To wisdom seek
That firm forbearance may give weight and merit
To words we speak.

Relieve those suffering from oppression bitter,
The hungry feed;
Show to the world we are in name and nature
Christians indeed.

Let savage nations sunk in superstition,
Claim life for life;
Be ours the grander, nobler, holier mission
To banish strife.

And when our hearts are overwhelmed with sadness
For sin and wrong,
And bitter memories goading unto madness
Around us throng.

Turn to that Savior in whose love abounding
We seek to live;
His prayer was, on the cross, fierce foes surrounding,
"Father, forgive."

War's dreadful specter with blood-dripping fingers,
And hideous mien,
Amid the councils of the nations lingers
Hateful when seen.

The horrid fiend with appetite insatiate,
Greedy for gore,
Not satisfied with victims, wan, emaciate,
Cries still, "More. More."

And shall we sacrifice on war's dread altar
Our country's best?
Well may our eyes grow dim, our brave hearts falter
At this behest.

"Let us have Peace." When Right to Wrong has yielded
Evil seems good.
May our loved country's name and fame be shielded
From deeds of blood.

And when the dove of Peace on snow-white pinions
Shall float above,
Then shall the Earth in all its wide dominions,
Know, "God is love."

1899.

THY KINGDOM COME

In Thy own way and time, dear Lord,
 Bid this dread carnage cease,
And usher in for stricken man
 Thy blessed reign of peace.

We cannot tell, we know not how
 This victory may be won,
But bow our heads, and humbly pray,
 "Father, Thy will be done."

Give unto us, from day to day,
 A vision, broad and clear,
That we in simple faith may do
 Our duty now and here.

And if it be Thy gracious will
 To grant this precious boon,
Oh, may the dew of peace, dear Lord,
 Descend upon us soon.

When Love o'ercomes fierce hate and strife
 As sunshine follows rain,
Then shall Thy kingdom come on earth,
 And Christ Himself shall reign.

1918.

PEACE

Peace, brothers, peace!
Let hatred and bloodshed cease.
The Father outstretches His holy hand,
Oh, hearken at once to His royal command,
Peace, brothers, peace!

Peace, brothers, peace!
Then sorrow shall know surcease.
The widow's low moan, the orphan's sad cry,
Have entered the ears of the Lord on high.
Peace, brothers, peace!

Peace, brothers, peace!
Then faith and hope will increase.
The Father outstretches His arms above
In Infinite pity, Infinite love.
Peace, brothers, peace!

1915.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

When dark the shadows loom around,
And sad ones weary vigils keep,
God lays His loving hand adown
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

When sickness rends the wasted frame,
When chilling night-dews o'er us creep,
He lays His soothing hand adown
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

When suffering, bitter and severe,
Calls forth our sympathy most deep,
He lays His gentle hand adown
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

When death comes stealing on apace
And friends but gather 'round to weep,
He lays His restful hand adown
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

THE RIVER

She paused on the brink of the River,
Whose waters flow swiftly and dark,
'Twixt earth and the Heavenly City,
And threaten to o'erwhelm each bark.

One swift glance she gave at the River,
And then, with eyes holden above,
Saw only outstretched for her succor
The strong arms of Infinite Love.

And reflecting the glow of that city,
Whose light is the glory of God,
Trusting wholly herself to her Savior,
She passed over the river dry-shod.

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known when sitting by thy side,
The dread Death Angel waited by the door,
What words of loving farewell had I then
Repeated o'er and o'er.

If I had known that quiet afternoon
When walking slowly o'er the grassy lawn,
The pale-faced messenger would bear thee hence
At breaking of the dawn;

I would have said, "Dread Angel, stay thy hand,
The earth is beautiful, the day is fair;
The birds are nesting 'mong the soft green leaves,
Sweet perfumes fill the air.

"She loves the Springtime with its birds and flowers,
When gentle zephyrs cool the heated brow;
Come, if thou must, when days are dark and cold,
But, Angel, Oh! not now."

God knoweth best. He gently leads His own
In pastures green, where cooling waters flow.
Thru the dark valley guided by His hand
All fearlessly they go.

And from that Heavenly Home where thou hast gone
I could not call thee back to earth again.
No sorrow's there, nor pain. My earthly loss
Is thy Eternal Gain.
1906.

HOME TIES

The old folks are watching and waiting,
For the days of the years have been long
Since you left them to carve out your future
With merry laughter and song.

They are watching and waiting, dear brothers,
And the latchstring is out at the door.
Come quickly to get their warm welcome
Ere the long weary waiting is o'er.

Ere they hear in the dusk of the evening
The sweet voice of Jesus say, "Come.
You've been proven, dear ones, and found
worthy;
Come now to your heavenly home."

MOTHER LOVE

There's a story oft told, that you no doubt have heard,
Of the eagles that build their nest high
'Mong the grand mountain peaks, with naught o'erhead
But the wondrous blue dome of the sky.

When the fully-fledged eaglets grown sturdy and
strong,
To the nest and the rocks closely cling,
Peering timidly into the depths far below,
Afraid from their home to take wing.

The parent birds use every means in their power,
To tempt them their pinions to try,
In majesty soaring above and around,
Up and up, till they're lost in the sky.

But when the young eaglets still fear to attempt
A flight in the pure, upper air,
Clinging closely to earth, not soaring aloft,
In spite of all trouble and care,

The mother bird knowing that only with use
Can the pinions for flight be made strong,
That the azure above, and the valley beneath,
To the bold and courageous belong,

With a sudden, quick movement sends into the world
Her offspring that timidly clings,
And thus the young eaglet discovers at once
The use of its wide-spreading wings.

But she hovers around with encouraging cries,
Now flying below, then above;
For this act, seeming cruel and heartless, no doubt,
Is a proof of her wise mother love.

'Tis thus, my dear friends, the story is told,
Whether truly or not, who can say;
The pinions untried with weakness will trail,
But use makes them stronger each day.

Should the goal that we seek seem a far, dizzy height,
And our pinions too feeble to try,
We courage and hope from the eaglets must learn
Ere we, too, can mount to the sky.

GIVING

Joy comes with giving.
We give when we love.
Love richer grows with giving,
Life fuller, more worth living.
Christ-love, that gift most precious,
Lights earth and Heaven above.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Make Christmas a glad day for some one
Who is sad, and weary, and lone;
And the joy that we give to another
Will become very truly our own.

Not gifts we receive all unthinking,
But those that we willingly share,
Make our lives grow fuller and richer,
Lift burdens of sorrow and care.

'Twas long, long ago, that first Christmas,
When the blessed Christ-child came
His whole life was spent helping others;
Let us give then, our help in His name.

NEW YEAR

Each New Year's morn we turn a leaf
Of life's much-checkered pages,
And write a record that will last
Thru long,—aye, endless,—ages.

And daily, hourly, entries new
Are made upon that journal,
That must be settled ere we gain
A rest in Heaven, eternal.

Then may each New Year as it comes
And passes on and o'er us,
Find us more earnest in the path
Of life that lies before us.

That as in eve the setting sun
Glows brightly when declining,
Our lives may set in loveliness
With heavenly radiance shining.

WHEN LIFE
IS YOUNG

LOVE'S GIFT

D. W. B.

When an Angel on hushed white pinions
Fanned gently the morning air,
And brought as a dear, precious token
A tiny baby fair.

Kind Father Love woke to receive her
With tender, welcoming arms;
Dear Mother Love folded her closely,
And soothed her vague alarms.

Sweet peace brooded over the household
When the blessed baby smiled,
For Love that is Infinite, Holy,
Came to the earth as a child.

Then, hovering over the pillow
Where the precious treasure lay,
Said the Angel, "I'll guard and guide her
And care for her day by day.

"And because the dainty, wee maiden
Is the daughter of a king,
To crown all her days with rich blessings
Right royal gifts I will bring.

"Shall I dower the darling with beauty?
Ah, beauty alone is a snare."
And yet while that loving glance lingered
She seemed more winning and fair.

"May these lips," and he touched them lightly,
 "Speak only what's pure and true;
May these hands, so daintily fashioned,
 Be ready good deeds to do.

"May these feet," and he spoke more softly,
 "Run never in sinful ways;
May this life on earth just beginning,
 Be a loving hymn of praise."

Then he spread his wings in blessing,
 O'er the parents with the child,
"To you is this treasure entrusted,
 Pure, holy, and undefiled.

"And if you but earnestly seek them,
 Wisdom and strength will be given
In truth and in virtue to train her,
 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' "

Sweet peace rested still on the household,
 And with hearts lifted above,
O'erflowing with joy and thanksgiving,
 They knew that the Angel was Love.

A LITTLE CHILD

M. Y. B.

"I have given this child," the Master said,
 "To you to rear and to train,
That when her life's journey is over
 I may have my own again."

And He laid the tender, beautiful babe
 In the mother's waiting arms;
She was weak and weary, yet lovingly
 Noted her infant charms.

"Is she ours?" she whispered, her face aglow
 With wonderful Mother light,
"So frail and precious a treasure,
 How can we guide her aright?"

But the happy father bent tenderly
 O'er the mother with the child;
"She is ours, the wee, dainty darling,
 Sweet, lovely, undefiled.

"We accept Thy trust, dear Master,
 But be Thou our path beside,
For we can but journey in safety
 With Thee for our constant guide."

Then a radiance fell about them,
 Fairer than light of morn,
As their heads in gratitude were bowed
 For this gift, their eldest born.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

Thou art launched on the broad sea of life, little craft,
Afloat on the Ocean of Time,
And faintly and far o'er the waters I hear,
The joy-bells merrily chime.

The port thou hast entered is guarded, sweetheart,
By arms that with love are made strong,
And gently the winds of fair circumstance blow
And waft thy frail vessel along.

Keep close to the harbor's safe shelter, dear one,
Where rude waves may not overwhelm,
And trust thyself wholly with never a fear,
For love's hand is guiding the helm.

There are dangers at times on the voyage of life,
There may be a rock or a shoal;
But safely and sure thou wilt speed on thy way,
If thy eyes never turn from the goal.

For thy path on the ocean of life, little one,
Is marked by our Father above,
His strong, gentle arms will encircle thee round,
And guide thee with wise, tender love.

HERBERT AND ANNA

Standing by the window-seat
On her busy, restless feet,
See a tiny maiden fair,
Laughing eyes and golden hair.

Bright and merry little face,
Form of childish, winning grace,
A sweet picture you behold,
Little Anna, five years old.

By the tiny maiden's side
In the window, sloping wide,
Stands a sturdy, restless boy,
His fond mother's pride and joy.

Quick and active, bright and gay,
Busy all the livelong day,
Strong and sturdy, brave and bold,
This is Herbert, six years old.

Brother, sister, six and five,
Swiftly do the years arrive,
Swiftly Time pursues his flight,
Pausing not in day or night.

Now the days but slowly pass
To the little lad and lass,
And the morn of life seems long,
Filled with beauty and with song.

But the future years will show
What the present cannot know;
And full soon a shade of care
Will rest on the golden hair.

Soon the merry little maid
Into girlhood will have strayed;
And the lad as years roll on
Nearer manhood will have drawn.

Brother, sister, as time flies
May you grow both good and wise;
May you as it keeps its way
Learn a little every day.

May your hearts grow brave and strong,
May you know the right from wrong,
And may He who reigns above
Draw you near to Him in love.

ONE YEAR OLD

One year old,
 One year old.
Laughing eyes
 And hair of gold;
Dimpled cheeks
 And dimpled chin,
At what age does
 Love begin?

I have always
 Loved thee, dear,
Can it be 'tis
 But a year
Since our hearts were
 Set a-whirl
By thee, dainty
 Baby girl?

MARIANA

Darling, dainty little maid,
Innocent and unafraid,
With thy wonder-widened eyes,
And thy smile of glad surprise.
Love would fill thy days with joy.
Happiness without alloy.

Rosy cheeks bespeaking health,
Soft brown hair, a lovely wealth,
Rosebud mouth with many a pearl,
Dimpled chin; my precious girl,
On life's journey just begun,
Thou hast now reached
Milestone One!

BABY RUTH

Blue eyes,
Like the sky,
Sparkling, bright,
Yet shy.

Rosy cheeks,
Dimpled, fair,
Soft, curling
Auburn hair.

Cherry red,
Smiling lips,
Showing teeth,
Pearly tips.

Bright, happy,
Mamma's girl,
Keeping things
In a whirl.

Precious treasure,
More than gold,
Darling baby,
Two years old.

BONNIE-EYES

Birthday greetings, maiden fair;
Bonnie eyes and sunny hair!
Sweet and good and true to me
Is my dear niece, Dorothy.
Three years number all her days,
Dainty child with winsome ways.

Merry prattle greets the morn
When another day is born.
Tiny, busy, active feet
Here and there with footsteps fleet
Bear the happy child, care-free;
My dear, dainty Dorothy.

Blessings on thee, precious one,
On life's journey just begun.
In those wondering eyes of thine
Purity and lovelight shine.
Is this world a glad surprise?
Tell me true, O Bonnie-Eyes!

Father's pet and mother's joy!
Purest gold without alloy,
May no shade of fear or pain
Dull the busy little brain,
And the Father up above
Guide thee on with wisest love.

Angels ever guard thee, sweet.
Days are long, but time is fleet.
To the child now three years old,
Hour by hour will life unfold.
May the years that come to thee
Number many three times three.

OUR BABY

Would you see our baby?
Well, just come this way.
Here's the little treasure,
Four years old today.

She is fair and rosy,
Brimful, too, of fun;
Rising in the morning
With the rising sun.

Never tired of playing,
Never wants a nap,
And she thinks that dressing
Is a sad mishap.

Hands and clothes are grimy,
But do you suppose
Mud-pies were you making
You'd not soil your clothes?

But the stain is only
On the outside seen,
And our precious darling
Is all pure within.

Very sweet and loving,
Would not hurt a thing;
For she knows our Father
Cares for "ev'ry sing."

She loves little birdies,
And sweet blooming flowers,
Talks to them, and pets them,
Thru the summer hours.

Yes, we think our darling's
Very fair and sweet,
And we strive to rightly
Guide her little feet.

DOROTHY

NINE

Dorothy's nine, did I hear you say?
I'm sure she was eight but yesterday.
Tell me if you can how children grow,
And where are the days that come and go?

While they speed by in a busy whirl,
Dorothy's growing a great, big girl,
Learning each day to be wise and good,
Loving and kind as children should.

She is trying hard to catch her aunt,
But she never will you'll surely grant,
For years keep on, and many are mine,
While Dorothy's number only nine.

A SNOW SCENE

"Oh, look," cried my dear little Elsie,
With eager questioning eyes,
"At the beautiful snow-white blanket
That has fallen from the skies."

Enraptured she gazed from the window,
Clapping her hands in glee;
"Oh, Mother," she cried, "come, Mother!
Come quick to the window and see!"

In haste I answered her summons,
And there before my eyes,
Was a vision of wonderful beauty,
Of marvel and surprise.

What late had been brown and barren,
In the silence of the night
In a beautiful, feathery mantle
Had been hidden from our sight.

Each twig of the elms and maples
Enrobed was in eider-down,
While the rough-hewn posts at the gateway
Wore each a snowy gown.

"God must have seen," said my Elsie,
Shaking her curls of gold,
"How the trees spread out their branches,
And shiver with the cold."

“So He sent His snowy blanket
To wrap them snug and warm,
And now I’m sure the cold Winter
Can never do them harm.”

In my arms I clasped my darling,
And in silence we watched the snow,
Still fluttering down from cloudland
Transforming the scene below.

The quiet and peaceful beauty
Filled with love our hearts that day,
When we saw how the good All Father
Folded safe His treasures away.

A BOOK LOVER

Sweet, merry, maiden Marjorie,
She doesn't know a letter.
I thought that I loved books, but she
Is sure she loves them better.

"Why see," she says, "my dollies sit
About this nice book table;
First there's my darling Mary Anne,
And by her Rose and Mabel.

"You only read the books, you know,"
The merry darling chatters,
"But I have fun with them, and fun's
The only thing that matters."

So Marjorie you must admit
Is surely a book-lover;
She loves them every bit, she says,
But most of all the cover.

HIS FAVORITE COLOR

"Green is my favorite color,"
One little laddie said.
Scarce seven happy summers
Had passed above his head.

"But why, my boy," I asked him,
"Why is that color best?"
His choice was unexpected,
But given with much zest.

Shyly, the long, dark lashes
Drooped o'er the sparkling eye
One moment, then he raised them,
And thus he made reply.

"Why I was born,"—he answered
As gazing on the scene,—
"In the beautiful *tree-country,
Where it is always green."

Dear child from the Island Empire
Beyond the western sea,
We extend the loving welcome
Of loyal hearts to thee.

True to each noble impulse
Though oceans intervene;
May the memory of thy country
To thee be "always green."

*Japan.

A BOY'S QUESTIONS

"Why is it, dearest Mother,"
Said roguish little Will,
"You tell me that the clock goes,
When it is standing still?"

"And say, what has the clock done
That it is in disgrace?
For 'tis standing in the corner
With its hands before its face.

"And can you tell me, Mother,
Why when you're sitting here,
The clock just whispers, 'Tick! Tick!'
So low I scarce can hear.

"But when I have been naughty,
And am in the room alone,
It stares at me, and says, 'Tick! Tock!'
In a loud, accusing tone?"

SWINGING

Backward, forward, to and fro,
Upward, downward, swift I go.
Dearly do I love to swing,
Swing and sing, sing and swing;
Backward, forward, to and fro,
Upward, downward, swift I go.

Far among the leaves I fly
Catching glimpses of the sky,
In my heart the joybells ring,
Swing and ring, ring and swing,
Backward, forward, to and fro,
Upward, downward, swift I go.

In the vireo's nest I peep
While the tiny birdies sleep,
Drinking in the sweet, cool air
Seeing gladness everywhere.
Backward, forward, to and fro,
Upward, downward, swift I go.

MORNING HYMN

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
That through the quiet night,
Thy loving hand hath kept us
Until the morning light.

We thank Thee for the sunshine
That lights this world of ours;
We thank Thee for the lovely birds,
We thank Thee for sweet flowers.

Help us to do right, day by day,
Wherever we may be;
Thus may we show, O Father,
Our gratitude to Thee.

VACATION

There's a bit of sadness in parting,
But the glad vacation days
Are tinted with roseate color,
And seen thru a misty haze.

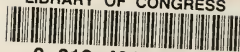
And we lay aside with rejoicing
Our good companions, our books,
Turning our steps toward old Ocean,
Or the trees and singing brooks.

Let us not forget that deep sadness
Today fills many a heart,
And in bearing life's heaviest burdens
Be earnest to do our part.

When the summer days have grown shorter
Vacation is nearing its end,
We'll long for the hearty hand-clasp,
And loving words of a friend.

Then welcome the long vacation,
With bright pleasures in its train;
And welcome the days in Autumn
When we shall meet again.

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